MERRIMACK MAGAZINE
AND
LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

"REPLETE WITH EV'RY CHARM T' IMPROVE THE HEART,
"TO SOOTHE LIFE'S SORROWS, AND ITS JOYS IMPART."

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Miscellaneous Selections.

STORY OF ARISTOCLEA.

FROM PLUTARCH.

ARISTOCLEA, the daughter of Theophanes, was celebrated all over Greece for her virtue, her beauty, and her accomplishments. Merit, so conspicuous as her's, could not but attract the regard of the Grecian youth, ever susceptible of the finest emotions of love. Among the rest of her admirers, Strato and Callisthenes were so happy as to obtain peculiar marks of distinction.

Strato had all the recommendations which wealth and power can bestow, and, to do him justice, was not entirely destitute of personal merit. The only objection which could, with the appearance of reason, be made to him, was, that he was considerably advanced beyond that period which is called the flower of youth: an objection which has great weight with a female heart.

Callisthenes yielded to Strato in fortune interest, and family; but his person was more engaging, his manners more polite, and his acquirements more agreeable. There was a peculiar modesty in his address, which probably might be increased by a consciousness of the smallness of his fortune; but that circumstance tended to promote his interest; for, however it depressed his spirit, it taught him that submissive softness which made him appear amiable in the eyes of Aristoclea.

Strato, it must be confessed, was the most ardent lover, and his passion had been inflamed by an accidental sight of his fair charmer while she was bathing, one summer morning, in a little rivulet that glided through her father's garden.

Callisthenes perhaps in reality, felt as strong a passion as his rival, yet was he less assiduous in his addresses, from despair of succeeding against a competitor so much his superior in rank and fortune.

Theophanes, the father of Aristoclea, was much embarrassed by the importunities of the two lovers, but would gladly have given his consent to him, whose possessions were the largest, had not he been cautious of interfering in the choice of his daughter. After many delays, it was at last agreed, on all sides, to refer the affair to a neighbour of great wisdom and experience, by whose decision it was resolved to abide.

In the mean time Strato was informed, by a confident of Aristoclea, whom he had bribed with liberal presents, that he possessed the first place in the affections of his mistress. Animated by this intelligence, he determined to break off the agreement of referring the affair to a stranger, and to leave it to be decided by the most proper judge, Aristoclea herself. Callisthenes readily acceded to the proposal, from a conviction that if he stood any chance it could be only from the decision of the fair object of his love. The father, who had previously been assured by Strato, that his daughter had shewn him a preference, entered without hesitation into the agreement, and appointed an early day for the final determination.

During this uneasy interval, various were the emotions of the two lovers. Strato already anticipated his happiness, and wantoned in imagination on all the charms of his mistress. Callisthenes, on the contrary, felt all the pain and anguish of suspended hope.

At length the important hour arrived. Strato approached to hear his doom with a smile of confidence; Callisthenes in all the dejection of despair. How suddenly were the several emotions exchanged when the lovely fair one declared in favour of the desponding Callisthenes! Strato, however, after many efforts, got the better of his amazement and chagrin, assumed an air of cheerfulness, and besought the happy pair to grant him one request, which was, to permit him to be present at the nuptial ceremony. A request so reasonable, none could deny; and amidst the congratulations of the whole company, the next day was fixed for completing the union.

The next day arrived, and the lovely pair appeared adorned with all the charms of beauty, and the smiles of innocence and joy. Strato seemed not the least happy on the occasion; but the scene was soon changed into melancholy and despair. On a sudden, at a signal given by Strato, a company of armed men rushed from an ambuscade, and seized the unhappy Callisthenes. Strato endeavored to run away with the lovely maid, but while she was struggling in his arms, she fainted away, and in the violence of her agitation, fell lifeless to the ground. Callisthenes was never heard of more, and Strato concluded the catastrophe by plunging a dagger into his own breast, and falling on the body of the unfortunate Aristoclea.

HOPE

THE LAMP OF LIFE.

IF I should judge of that part of my life, which lies before me, by that which I have already seen, the prospect is hideous. Experience tells me, that my past enjoyments have brought no real felicity, and sensation assures me, that those I have felt are stronger than those which are yet to come. Yet experience and sensation in vain persuade; Hope, more powerful than either, dresses out the distant prospect in fancied beauty; some happiness in long perspective still beckons me to pursue; and, like a loosing gamester, every new disappointment increases my ardour to continue the game.

Hope like the glimmering taper's light,
Adorns and cheers the way,
And still, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray.

The wretch when doom'd with life to part,
Still, still on Hope relies,
And every pang that rends his heart,
Bids expectation rise.

Selected for the LADIES' LITERARY CABINET

MESSRS. EDITORS,

FEW subjects are more calculated to intereſt the feeling heart, than that of *FRIENDSHIP*. This ſublime ſentiment has engaged the pens of many, and is ſo happily pourtrayed in the following "elegant trifle of literature," that, by giving it a place in the *Ladies' Literary Cabinet*, you will doubtleſs gratify many of your readers, as well as your correſpondent. SELECTOR.

EXTRACT FROM AN ORATION.

AMONG other ſplenetic theories predicated on the imbecility of man, ſelf intereſt has been warmly advocated as the excluſive principle of human action. But however the exiſtence of any amicable affection may have been denied, however numerous the opinions which controvert it, love and compaſſion are ſtill the mild monarchs of the human breaſt. Self may exert a more conſtant and uniform power, but theſe are the moſt plentiful ſources of ſatisfaction and delight. With invincible ſuperiority they outſtride the feebler emotions of the mind, & with unconquerable force ſubjugate every contending paſſion. With ſtrength little inferior to the fabled force of magic, and ſweetneſs, which faſcinates with the power of enchantment, they allure the mind into every ſacrifice of intereſt, and guard it from the intruſion of every ſordid motive. From ſelf intereſt we derive no pleaſures, but ſuch as degrade virtue. From friendſhip we have every requital dignifying to our nature, every recompence honorary to our feelings. The bleſſings of the world ſwell the aggregate of our felicity, and the happineſs, we originate in others, returns to our own boſoms with accumulated delight. Inſtinct might keep the animal machine in motion, but friendſhip and the virtues of ſociety impart that eaſe and energy of operation, which make it ſubſerve its original purpoſe. Dark and comfortleſs indeed would be the weary pilgrimage of life, if deprived of theſe inexhauſtible reſources of happineſs.

Friendſhip is never ſo ſplendid as when, unconfined by local views, it ranges through public life, and with comprehenſive vigor aims at the happineſs of mankind, never ſo lovely as when, like the ſummer zephyr, it collects and imparts ſalubrity in every ſtage of its balmy progreſs. Sublimated to patriotiſm it is irreſiſtible. Viewed either directing with intelligence in the cabinet, or leading with intrepidity in the field; either mounding torrents of blood by a well timed policy, or withſtanding the encroachments of ambition by an impregnable fortitude, it is ſtill the ſame commanding power, the ſame auguſt principle. Pictured in tints of blood, ſating the vengeance of offended juſtice, or in the milder ſhades of peace, weeping over the deſolation of ſlaughter, it retains the ſame grandeur of feature, and majeſty of expreſſion.

Friendſhip is alſo divine in the hours of ſeclusion. The ſorrows and joys of tranquillity feel its enlivening and conſolatory influence. It wantons in the frolic paſtimes of village feſtivity, or joins in tearful ſympathy with domeſtic grief. It revels in the convivial pleaſures of the banquet, or bends with ſolemn ſorrow over the agonizing terrors of the tomb. It raiſes mirth to intemperance of delight, and ſuppreſſes the throbbing violence of anguiſh. When cruelty and injuſtice invade the retreats of innocence, friendſhip lies in ambuſh to ſurprize their march; and if ſubtle villainy have already trampled on integrity, compaſſion will raiſe the guiltleſs victim, and lave every wound with her tears.

From friendſhip every ſcene of life derives it's power to charm. Deſcriptions however faſcinating, characters however exalted, occurrences however brilliant, if they diſplay no generous ſentiments, are mere playthings of fancy, bubbles of a moment burſting at the ſlighteſt breath of ſcrutiny. The Hero, who ſpares when he has ſubdued, lives to more laſting fame, than he, who vindicates even juſtice with the relentleſs arm of revenge. A ſenſation of mercy even to the moſt undeſerving is a noble trait of the human character. It exhibits the vigor of a virtue, whoſe ſmalleſt exertion is impreſſive; it proves the ardour of a ſentiment, whoſe moſt languid ſpark is divine. Indications of love and friendſhip are univerſally touchſtones of merit. Selfiſh diſpoſitions are univerſally objects of indignation and contempt. The hardied veteran in iniquity ſelecting a character for the baſeſt purpoſe, be it even to league him in ſchemes of rapine and plunder, will exact the recommendation of a ſuſceptible heart. So prevalent and impreſſive is this trait of character, that even they, who have diſcarded it, look back, like rebel children, to the guardian of their lives with emotions of filial reverence and eſteem. In a mind not irrecoverably perverſe friendſhip often ſteals unwelcomed. However mighty the enchantment, which binds the ſoul, however fierce and gigantic the paſſions, which guard the avenues to the heart, friendſhip will imperceptibly inſinuate itſelf, and diſſolve the ſpell. While the head is intent on ſchemes of wealth & grandeur, and racked with projects of accumulation; while intereſt and emolument are crouding the brain with ſpeculations, the heart a rebel to the cauſe, a noble traitor in the ſelfiſh tranſaction, glows with an æthereal flame of love and benevolence.

Such is the picture of a virtue, which no lack of coloring can diſgrace. Ingenuity cannot imagine a deformity in it, which will not be graceful. Sophiſtry cannot invent a deſcription, that will not be eloquent in its praiſe. But in what ſituation, or under what circumſtances is it found? Is it in the nurſeries of vanity and affectation, where every aſpiring ſentiment is abſorbed in the frivolous contemplation of dreſs and faſhion? Does it follow in the ſplendid retinue of ambition, where lowly merit is but the foot ball of pride? Does it mingle in the confuſion of buſineſs, where moral reflection ceaſes to be a power of the mind; or does it loiter within the gates of the ſlothful, waiting, like the cripple at the pool of Bethesda, for the moving of indolence? No. It is only found in thoſe peaceful retreats, where the great ſentiments of the ſoul are arouſed, and where vanity, intereſt and ambition are loſt in the ſplendor of more exalted emotions: in ſocieties where character inſtead of fortune diſtinguiſhes the poſſeſſor; where the mind has room to appreciate its own powers, and having once felt and graſped it's object, bears it undiſmayed through every oppoſition:—among men, who ſacrifice perſonal to general intereſts, who have before them the extenſive chart of human miſery, and are conſtantly tracing the route of their benevolence.

FROM THE GAZETTE OF THE UNITED STATES.

FEMALE INFLUENCE.

FEMALE influence over the minds of men will, I truſt, be readily acknowledged by every perſon of candor and judgment. How very important then is it for us to uſe every exertion in our power to render that aſcendancy beneficial to mankind.

Women (generally ſpeaking) are in ſuch a ſtate of ſtrange infatuation, that I fear they will never be made ſenſible of the dignity of their characters, when acting in their proper ſphere—as many are perſuaded in their mind, that they have nothing to do, it may not be amiſs, perhaps, to direct their attention to the vaſt field that lies open for us to work in.—'Tis ours to ſtimulate, by example, virtue in man.—'Tis ours

> "To rear the tender thought,
> To teach the young idea how to ſhoot,
> To pour the freſh inſtruction o'er the mind,
> To breathe the enliv'ning ſpirit, and to fix
> The generous purpoſe in the glowing breaſt."

We move the ſecret ſprings of government, give the ton to every faſhion, and fix the manners, cuſtoms, and character of a nation. If we were to act up to theſe principles, what a glorious commonwealth would be ours! But, alas! how differently are the majority employed, in conquering hearts inſtead of ſubduing the vices of men! How many hours are daily thrown away by the gay and thoughtleſs, in fixing a ruffle, ſuiting a ribbon, hunting for lace and gewgaws (fit only for ſops and fools) while the time might have been ſpent in performing thoſe duties?

When we turn over the annals of hiſtory, and trace the riſe and fall of empires, we muſt obſerve the former effected by wiſdom, valor and temperance, while the decline is always marked by luxury, pride and diſſipation. After conſidering this, and comparing it with the preſent epoch, I am ready to draw frightful images of the fate of my country. How alarmingly rapid has been the increaſe of pride! Good women, who formerly tho't themſelves well dreſſed in cloth of their own ſpinning, would now think themſelves ruined to be ſeen in any thing interior to ſilk. The noble matrons of Rome (were they alive) would look on a modern aſſemblage of American ladies, as ſo many puppets, brought upon the ſtage for no other purpoſe than to pleaſe the ſight of the gaping multitude. We ought to bluſh at being ſo far excelled by the ancient illuſtrious philoſophic Dames of Greece and Rome—Where ſhall we now find an Hipparchia, who would ſacrifice a life of pomp and pageantry to knowledge, temperance and virtue—or a Cornelia (and many others I might mention) "who never were accuſtomed to wear rich attires, but ſuch apparel as was very plain and grave, making her children (whom her inſtructions and example had made virtuous) her greateſt ornament"? Shining indeed were the ornaments that adorned the memorable ſiſter of Scipio. How worthy of imitation! To undertake to extract pride and vanity from the human heart, and convert the preſent Frenchified mode into Roman ſimplicity, would be as romantic and impracticable, as to raiſe Alpine mountains out of mole-hills, or ſwell fiſh-ponds into oceans; but to uſe leſs art and more ſimplicity, would certainly be eaſy, uſeful and commendable in the higheſt degree, as it would ſave time and expenſe; and what is ſtill better, the fair ſex would appear to much greater advantage—for when the perſon is over adorned we are not apt to expect much from mental endowments. I never knew a man of good ſenſe and ſound underſtanding who did not value a woman more for a decent negligence or ſimple neatneſs in her dreſs. If this argument has no weight I ſhall give up the point and conclude my ſex impervious to every good impreſſion. Thoſe who believe they were ſent here for no other purpoſe than to flutter, dazzle and die, muſt have very contracted ideas of the wiſdom of a Deity. In my opinion the greateſt, richeſt bleſſing, moſt conducive to happineſs here and hereafter, is the power of doing good, which is undoubtedly beſtowed on every one and in every condition, and yet how many do we ſee ſpend their days in ſuch a manner that we are almoſt induced to believe their very exiſtence viſionary?—When I become an idle, uſeleſs member of ſociety, Oh! may I ceaſe to live! There is no conſideration which carries ſuch hor-

ror with it, as that of living in a ſtate of annihilation, or to ſpeak plainer of living dead to virtue—none that would ſooner tempt a benevolent heart to the ſin of ſuicide.

JERSEY GIRL.

MILITARY ANECDOTE.

GONSALVO, who was lieutenant-general to the celebrated Spaniſh general, the Marquis of Spinola, and governor of Milan, in 1624 intending to take poſſeſſion of a little walled village in the Palatine, called Ogerſhiem, diſpatched an officer, at the head of ſome troops upon that errand. On the firſt alarm, nine tenths of the inhabitants removed to Manheim, leaving behind them about twenty inſignificant people, and a poor ſhepherd, who, beſide being a brave fellow, was a man of humour. The ſhepherd in good time faſtened the gates, let down the drawbridge, and made a wonderful ſhew of reſiſtance. A trumpeter ſummoned the village in form, upon which the few inhabitants that remained made their eſcapes through a poſtern-gate, and left only the ſhepherd, and the ſhepherdeſs, who was pregnant. The unaccountable peaſant, in a ſtyle of the repreſentative of a garriſon, gave audience, from the walls, to the military herald, and made his terms of capitulation, inch by inch, ſtipulating at the ſame time, for the preſervation of the ſtate, and the free exerciſe of the proteſtant religion. Imagine, therefore, what muſt be the ſurpriſe of the Spaniards, when they entered the village, and found him and his wife only in it! Yet the droll peaſant preſerved the muſcles of his countenance inflexible; and, ſome weeks afterward, when his wife lay in, he deſired the great Gonſalvo to be godfather; which honor the pompous Spaniard, for the jeſt's ſake, could not decline, but on the contrary, ſent her ſome very handſome preſents. This account, the hiſtorian *(Mr. Spankheim, Hiſt. de l' Elect. Palet.)* ſays, might appear a little romantic to poſterity, if the notoriety of it had not been a circumſtance indiſputable at the time it happened.

Amuſement.

A few years ſince, a Clergyman in company with ſome other gentleman were croſſing Connecticut River, on the ice, the ice gave way and threatened them with an emerſion—the Clergyman was exceedingly frightened and immediately turned pale, they however reached the more ſafe, when one of the gentlemen expreſſed his ſurprize that ſo good and ſo eminent a man as the Rev. Mr. S. ſhould ſhow ſo much puſillanimity upon ſo ſlight an emergency. Ah! ſaid the Rev. Sir "I cannot be reconciled to go to Heaven by water."

IN a church a few miles from London, the Prieſt was repeating that part of the Litany which offers up prayers "for all thoſe who travel by land or by water," &c. the Clerk ſuddenly exclaimed, "Except my wife, who eloped from me two days ago."

AN irregular apprentice frequently keeping late hours, his maſter at length took occaſion to apply ſome *weighty arguments* to convince him of the "error of his ways." During the chaſtiſement, he continually exclaimed, "How long will you ſerve the DEVIL?" The boy replied whimpering—"you know beſt Sir—I believe my indentures will be out in *three months.*

Original Communication.

For the LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

The Seaſons of the Year.—No. III.

AUTUMN.

When guſts of wind beſtrew the ground with leaves,
Falling by millions from th' adjacent trees;
When Robin's ceaſe to warble on the ſpray,
The Lark to uſher in the dawn of day,
The face of nature ſeems to feel decay.

THE ſun, having run its ſummer courſe, and bleſt the world with its benign influence, returns to its autumnal round; the ſilver moon, queen of the orbs of night, lends her feeble aid to cheer the evening ſhades; the cold and chilling froſt, has nipped the leaves of the trees, and the vegetable world appears to feel decay: the falling of the leaves ſhed the honors of the foreſt; the roſe has loſt its fragrance, and the lily its perfume; the huſbandman has ſtacked his full-grown ſheaves and plenty fills the horn throughout the land; the feathered ſongſter has ceaſed to hail the riſing morn with her melodious notes; the inſects flutter around their brood, and run by myriads to their granaries and caverns in the earth. Where are the charms of ſummer now? Where are thoſe ſhady bowers and flowery lawns, which ſo allure the eye and pleaſe the taſte? Where are thoſe dewy landſcapes, whoſe beauty was enhanced by the rays of the morning ſun? The leaves have fallen from the ſhady groves, cropped by the cold blaſt of midnight, and left the appearance of a liteleſs ſhrub; and the autumnal ſeaſon bids thoſe dewy landſcapes wear a different aſpect.

Go look at yon bud of the morn,
At noon its full beauties ſurvey;
At night you will find but the thorn,
Thus beauty and love muſt decay.

Now the labouring huſbandman has, by his hard toils on the fruitful field, reaped a plentiful harveſt, has his granary well ſtocked with the fruits of the field, and is prepared to meet the furious ſtorms of winter, and can live in plenty as a reward for his own induſtry, while the merchant, and the mechanic, receive their ſupply from him, and ſhare in his reward. Where are now the hopes of the indigent and the ſlothful? They have lived at eaſe through the ſpring and the ſummer, thoughtleſs and ſecure; and now they muſt feel the keen effects of their negligence; for the cold ſtorms of winter are faſt approaching and they are unprepared; they muſt retire to their moſs-grown cot and live in poverty, through the inclement ſeaſon; this is their juſt reward! Happy then is he who has "from ſtorms a ſhelter, from heat a ſhade."

DAMON.

Diverſity.

THERE is in the mind of man a fund of natural generoſity, which it is neceſſary to know and apply. Threats exaſperate them, and chaſtiſement makes them revolt; when endeavors are uſed to force them to do their duty againſt their will. They deſire a certain degree of confidence in their honor, and that the glory of acquitting themſelves of it out of choice be left in their power. To ſhew that you believe men faithful, is often the beſt means to make them ſo.

LET us not trouble ourſelves with wiſhing that things may be juſt as we would have them; but be well pleaſed that they ſhould be juſt as they are, then we ſhall live eaſy.

ALL truth is valuable, and ſatirical criticiſm may be conſidered as uſeful, when it rectifies error, and improves judgment. He that refines the public taſte is a public benefactor. [*Johnſon.*

THE preſence of him is oppreſſive, whoſe going away makes thoſe he leaves eaſy; and he, whoſe preſence was oppreſſive, was either *good* in *bad*, or *bad* in *good* company. [*Lavater.*

BE afraid of him who meets you with friendly aſpect, and, in the midſt of a flattering ſalutation, avoids your direct open look. [*ibid.*

NEWBURYPORT,
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1805.

ON the 10th inſt. arrived in Hampton Roads, the United States' frigate Preſident, Commodore Barron, in 38 days from Gibraltar. On board came paſſengers, Capt. Bainbridge, his officers and part of his crew, who are now at Norfolk. Commodore Barron, we underſtand has returned in very bad health.

We are ſorry to find it ſtated, in ſeveral recent letters from Norfolk, that the *Yellow Fever* has broken out in that City with appearances of conſiderable malignancy. *Boſt. Gaz.*

The lateſt accounts from Phiadelphia and New-York, ſtate, that the fever continued its ravages without abatement. In Philadelphia there were reported 85 new Caſes, from the 18th to the 21ſt inſtant. From the 16th to the 19th, inclusive, 61 interments reported. It is ſtated that upwards of fifty thouſand inhabitants have removed from New-York; 14 deaths and 26 Caſes were reported in the City from the 19th to the 22d inſt.

A few days ago, a gentleman, reſiding about half a mile from town, obſerved a cobweb in the corner of his room, much agitated. Upon going up to it, he ſaw a *Mouſe* entangled in the web, and a large *Spider* upon the head of the *Mouſe*. After a few ſtruggles, the *Mouſe* expired! *Charl. pap.*

Obituary.

"Hope humbly then, with trembling pinions ſoar,
Wait the great teacher, Death, and God adore!"

DIED] In Philadelphia of the yellow fever, Mr. John Hodgkinſon the celebrated comedian.

In New-York, of the fever, Mr. Lewis Nichols, pr.—Mr. William Young, one of the printers of the Price Current.

In Portſmouth, Mrs. Abigail Sheafe, aged 73, relict of the late Mr. Jacob Sheafe, merchant.

In this town, on Thurſday evening, very ſuddenly, Mrs. *Wyatt*, aged 84.

Same evening, of an appoplexy, Mr. John Tufts, aged 52.

Child of Mr. Timothy Ofgood.

Son of Mr. Caleb Putnam, aged 3 years.

In Point Petre, Capt. Hezekiah Goodhue, jun. aged 27.

Subſcriptions for the *Merrimack Magazine and Ladies' Literary Cabinet* are ſtill ſolicited.—Future ſubſcribers may be ſupplied with numbers from the commencement of the publication. Sept. 28.

Poetry.

ORIGINAL.

For the LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

THE BEGGAR.

HARD is my fate, I'm doom'd to roam,
With fault'ring ſteps afar from home,
In queſt of friends t' implore relief
From pain, from hunger, and from grief.

Oh! PITY, lend a liſt'ning ear,
And my ſad plaint I pray thee hear.
Turn not away with proud diſdain,
Nor rend this aching heart again.

Let me not ſtarve ſo near your door,
But grant a pittance from thy ſtore,
And raiſe from death a fellow worm,
Who has no ſhelter from the ſtorm.

Th' effects of poverty I feel,
And faſt am trav'ling to the grave;
My years of wretchedneſs and toil,
Soon, very ſoon, an end will have.

HORATIO.

SELECTED.

FOND FREDERIC TO FANNY FALSEFAIR.

AN ALLITERATIVE ADDRESS.

THE ſweeteſt Seraph's ſofteſt ſmile,
The gorgeous gems of gentle grace,
The ſlippery ſerpent's ſcathful ſtile,
Frequent falſe *Fanny's* flattering face.

Headſtrong with hazy halcyon hope,
I follow fond the fickle fair;
But ſhun the ſudden, ſtunning ſtroke,
Which drives me deep in dark deſpair.

The golden, glorious, glowing globe,
Which ſplendid *Sol* ſublimely ſhews,
Nor night's nocturnal nimboſe node,
Diſtilling diuretic dews.

Her eulogy can't e'en expreſs,
When cherub *Cupids* cheer her charms;
When bounteous beauty's bent to bleſs,
Her aw'd adorer's amorous arms.

Nor ſyſtems, ſuns nor ſparkling ſtars,
In confus'd chaos countervolv'd,
Could ape the ambling of her airs,
When random ruin ſhe reſolv'd.

Fair *Fanny's* fame ſhall flouriſh far,
Till eazed time, ſhall, toiling tire;
And *Daphne, Delia, Dorcas*, dear,
Shall fail to fan fierce *Fanny's* fire.

ANDREW JONES.

FROM WORDSWORTH'S LYRICAL BALLADS.

I HATE that ANDREW JONES; he'll breed
His children up to waſte and pillage.
I wiſh the preſs-gang, or the drum
With its tantara ſound would come,
And ſweep him from the village!

I ſaid not this becauſe he loves
Through the long day to ſwear and tipple;
But for the poor dear ſake of one
To whom a foul deed he had done,
A friendleſs Man, a travelling Cripple!

For this poor crawling helpleſs wretch
Some horſemen who were paſſing by,
A penny on the ground had thrown;
But he poor Cripple was alone
And could not ſtoop—no help was nigh.

Inch thick the duſt lay on the ground
For it had long been droughty weather;
So with his ſtaff the Cripple wrought
Among the duſt till he had brought
The halfpences together.

It chanc'd that Andrew paſs'd that way
Juſt at the time; and there he found
The Cripple in the mid-day heat
Standing alone, and at his feet
He ſaw the penny on the ground.

He ſtoop'd and took the penny up:
And when the Cripple nearer drew,
Quoth Andrew, "Under half-a-crown,
"What a man finds is all his own,
"And ſo my friend good day to you."

And *hence* I ſaid, that Andrew's boys
Will all be train'd to waſte and pillage;
And wiſh'd the preſs-gang or the drum
With its tantara ſound, would come,
And ſweep him from the village.

THE STORY TELLER.

THE ſedentary weavers of long tales
Give me the fidgets and my ſpirit fails;
Who echo converſation dull and dry,
Embelliſh with *he ſaid* and *ſo ſaid I*,
We buſtle up with unſucceſsful ſpeed
And in the ſaddeſt part cry, droll indeed.

EXTEMPORE

By Lord Littleton, to Lady Brown.

WHEN I was young and debonair,
The *browneſt* nymph to me was *fair*;
But now I'm old, and wiſer grown,
The *faireſt* nymph to me is *Brown*.

THE COMPLAINT.

WHY does Damon ſigh and grieve?
Why complain of Cupid's dart?
Could my pain his peace retrieve,
Gladly would I bear the ſmart.

But by tyrant cuſtom ty'd,
I may hear, but dare not ſpeak;
Cuſtom muſt my conduct guide,
Tho' my love-lorn heart ſhould break.

AFFECTION.

TOUCH'D by the magic hand of thoſe we love,
A trifle will of conſequence appear;
A flower, a blade of graſs, a pin, a glove,
A ſcrap of paper, will become moſt dear.

And is that being happy whoſe cold heart
Feels not, nor underſtands this ſource of joy;
To whom a trifle can no joy impart;
Who loſe them, call them by, deface, deſtroy?

Yes, they are happy, if the inſenſate rocks,
On which the ocean beats, or ſottly laves
Rejoice, that they are hurt not by the ſhocks
Which hurl poor ſailors to untimely graves.

Yes, they are happy—If the poliſh'd gem,
On which the ſun in varied colours plays,
Rejoices that its luſtre comes from him,
And glows with rapture to reflect his rays.

Not elſe.—Tho' hearts ſo exquiſitely form'd
Feel agony a thouſand different ways;
Yet when by love, or friendſhip's power charm'd,
One moments bliſs an age of pain repays.

One kind approving look, one cheerful ſmile,
Can from the mind each painful image blot;
The voice that charms us, can all pain beguile,
Liſt'ning, the world beſide is all forgot.

Tho' ſharp the pang, that friendſhip ſlighted gives,
Tho' to the eye, fond tears may force their way,
The cauſe remov'd, when hope again revives,
Light fits the "boſom's lord" and all is gay.

True, when oblig'd to part from thoſe we love,
'Tis like the pang, when ſoul and body's riv'n;
But when we meet, the ſpirit ſoars above,
And taſtes the exquiſite delights of heaven.

Be mine the feeling heart—for who would fear
To paſs the dreary vale of death's abode,
If certain at the end they ſhould be near,
And feel the ſmile of a benignant GOD?

THE LETTER CARRIER.

A Wag at the gallows, who reliſhed a jeſt,
With a riſible phiz thus the hangman addreſs'd;
"Well Jack, I am going to viſit that place
Where your father is gone, and the reſt of your race;
'Tis a chance but I ſee him, and you my good friend,
May by me your reſpects to the family ſend."
Ketch gravely reply'd, as he faſten'd the twine,
"*I'll beg leave to trouble you, Sir, with a line.*"

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